

Δ (Alt-J)

"Left Hand Free"



Ain't shady baby
I'm hot like the prodigal son
Pick a petal, eeny meeny miny mo
And flower, you're the chosen one

Well your left hand's free
And your right's in grip
With another left hand
Watch his right hand slip
Towards his gun
Oh no

I tackle, we tussle
And oh my days we're rolling
My right hand's gripped on his
Colt single action army
Oh no

Sex or Wrestling?

hmm... probably wrestling it is

Well your left hand's free
And your right's in grip
With another left hand
Watch his right hand slip
Towards his gun
Oh no



Chosen One

N-E-O OMG

Gee whiz, girl, you're the one for me
Though your man is bigger than I am
All oh my days he disagrees
Oh no
(Speak easy)

Well, my left hand's free [x3]
Oh no

Ain't shady baby
I'm hot like the prodigal son
Pick a petal, eeny meeny miny mo
And flower, you're the chosen one

common term of endearment
in Cambridge, England
(love it)

Well, your left hand's free
Well, my left hand's free [x4]
Oh no

oh yes



Luke 15:11-32



Gus (Alt-J Δ keyboard/vocals):

I think we were trying to imagine writing a song about having a bar brawl in sort of a speakeasy party in the '30s in America. I think we tried to go for a sort of Americana kind of sound and just enjoyed ourselves with it.

Well, that's easy

